



A JOURNEY OVER THE PLAINS.

FROM FORT BENTON TO BOW RIVER AND BACK.

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FORT BENTON.

Fort Benton is a frontier town about the size of Bismarck, with a population at present of about 1,500. Its population, like that of all other frontier towns, is mixed in its origin. The occupations of the people are varied, and the antecedents of many of them it is better not to trace. Drinking shops and gambling houses form prominent features of the place. It is the head of navigation on the Missouri, and is the principal depot of the fur and wool trade, every steamer (of which during the short season of navigation some three or four leave weekly for Bismarck) carries several thousands of skins and large quantities of wool. These form, in fact, almost their only down freight. The chief business firms here are Messrs. I. G. Baker & Co., T. C. Power & Co., and Murphy, Neal & Co. These firms have built commodious warehouses, and can furnish almost anything in ordinary use. Their principal business is in supplies for outposts, especially flour, bacon, canned meats and fruits, blankets, arms, ammunition, waggons, harness and saddles. Besides their central depots at Benton, they have stores at the principal posts. Thus, Baker & Co. have a large store at McLeod, another of smaller dimensions at Calgary, and another at Morleyville. They also do a large business in freighting inland, and make contracts with both the American and Canadian Governments for supplies for military and police outposts, and for the Indians. The above firm has for several years had the contracts for the police and Indian supplies in

this country, and they have been very satisfactorily carried out. Fort Benton can also boast of several very handsome and comfortable residences, those of Mr. Conrad, Sr., and his two sons being most prominent. An excellent paper is published here, the *Benton Record*, daily and weekly, which would do credit to larger and older cities. Fort Benton, from being in the near future the terminal point of at least three lines of railway (the Northern Pacific, Union Pacific and Northern Utah), must become a place of considerable importance.

ON THE PLAINS.

After two days of rest and preparation for our journey, we started on our way across the plains taking a northwesterly direction. Our first stand was merely to camp on the banks of the Teton, five miles out, where we had our first experience in camp life. It was not encouraging so far as sleep was concerned, Our stallions, not yet initiated into the use of the picket line, had to be tied to the wagon wheels, and our night watch went to sleep twice, allowing the whole camp to be thrown into an uproar. Thus the night passed, with repeated interruptions to that rest which we all coveted to prepare us for the arduous journey before us. At five o'clock in the morning we were all astir. Having had breakfast, we packed up and started, our train consisting of a four-in-hand waggon with tents, supplies and baggage, a two-seated express waggon carrying small baggage and two (Mr. C. and Mr. W.) a single horse buckboard, with two men and more parcels, and

Mr. G. of Quebec, and the writer mounted on the two thoroughbred stallions. The weather proved to be perfect, the hot sun being tempered by a cooling breeze. Our road lay through a somewhat uneven country, now ascending a hillside, now dipping down into a cooley and then stretching for miles across the level prairie. The rare, pure atmosphere was very exhilarating, and our spirits were high as we trotted or cantered at freedom on the open plain. At noon we halted and had a light meal, washed down by some good lager beer, the water being so alkaline that we could not use it. The second night we camped on a gently rising ground about thirty-five miles from Benton. Here we were fortunate enough to find a half-breed squatter's "shak" provided with a well of delicious water, which was thoroughly appreciated. One of our men having left us on the way, it became necessary for us to take turns as night watches, and it fell to the lot of the writer to watch during the first part of the night. However, save to keep our loose horses from straying, and our stallions from harm, there was no need of any sentry doing duty, nor of our sleeping on a belt of cartridges surrounded by rifles, shot guns and pistols. By half-past three the daylight dispelled all the suspicious shadows in which might have been lurking savage foes. At half-past six we were again on the road, which lay through an alkaline plain with nothing to recommend it, the herbage short and scant, the water scarce and bad. There was not a sign of life except mosquitos, scarcely a bird to be seen or heard, and not a quadruped except those of our outfit. The day was extremely hot, so that riding was far from enjoyable; and we fully appreciated the use of the lemon. Nothing seemed to relieve our thirst, so effectively as a few drops of lemon juice. We camped for the noon rest on a marsh or dry lake as these marshy depressions on a high prairie are called, and after a hurried meal, we were nothing loth to enjoy an hour's sleep under the waggons, which, with a temporarily erected canvas awning, afforded the only shade from the burning sun. Our afternoon ride was through a similar country, a great waste of land, level as far as eye could see to the eastward, but broken by cooleys and distant streams to the south and westward.

A STAMPEDE.

Our camp this night was on the banks of the Pondray Creek. On crossing the stream

the four-in-hand team first came to grief by the breaking of the whipple tree, necessitating some delay; next, by the same accident to the buckboard. Having safely crossed, we encamped on a rising ground, turned the mares loose, and the stallions beginning to suffer from want of hay, we determined to picket them. During the day we had encountered the "bulldog-fly," which is, next to the mosquito, the greatest pest of that country. It is larger than a bee, and is furnished with powerful mandibles and sucker. It makes a large hole in the skin, and the blood flows freely from it. These flies are very pertinacious, and the poor horses become frantic under their torment. They will often run wildly about, and throw themselves down and roll over and over to get rid of them. We had just finished supper when suddenly a noise was heard and a horse dashed madly through the camp, tearing down one of the tents, and causing general dismay. The runaway was soon discovered to be Moss-trooper, who had dragged his picket, and was now galloping rapidly over the plains, and being joined by the other horses, we had the mortification of seeing our whole outfit of horseflesh in a wild stampede. Having gone a few miles, they wheeled towards camp, and for a moment we thought they would run us down. Fortunately all except "Moss" were headed off; but he came full gallop into the midst of us, throwing down most unceremoniously our elder, Mr. W. Wheeling, and making a savage attack on his companion, "Conrad," from whom he was with difficulty separated, and finally ending by getting entangled in his picket rope, when he was speedily secured. He was panting, with the sweat streaming off him, and evidently glad to find himself in our hands. Having scraped him and rubbed him dry, or nearly so, we blanketed him carefully and secured him to a stronger picket, and then returned to camp to talk over and enjoy the excitement. The incident afforded considerable amusement when looked back at round the camp fire.

MIDNIGHT ALARMS—"INDIANS STEALING THE HORSES."

Our excitement and fun over, we retired to rest as usual, with our loaded arms by our side. The night-herd was our cook, Frank, a young man of good physique but slovenly habits, and who, as we afterwards discovered, could talk much but do little. His history,

as-made before our eyes, 'was sadly at variance with the same as he dilated upon it, and we soon found that his deeds of daring and adventurous life were but concoctions of his disturbed imagination and that his true *forte* was eating and sleeping. Of cooking he knew literally nothing, but for eating he could beat any glutton who ever entered into competition in that line. After the din of the evening the night was quiet, and the weary pilgrims were fast asleep, when suddenly the tramp of hurried feet was heard, and Frank's voice shouting, "Major, some fellows are trying to steal your horses." He then gave vent to a hurried tale of how he was out round the horses when he saw a man get up to one of their heads, and how, when he shouted to him, "who goes there," he dodged behind a horse and got three of them between him and Frank's pistol. So he thought it best to rouse the camp. Had we known our man then as well as we did afterwards we would have smiled and gone to sleep again. But, having heard that the Indians were at present horse-stealing, and being assured that the whites were taking advantage of that to do the same under the cloak of the poor Indian, being in a strange country and inexperienced, we were naturally alarmed. All except two turned out to use their rifles, if necessary; in the protection and recovery of our indispensable and valuable animals, and I verily believe that had a white or dusky skin been caught in the act, three trusty rifles, at least, would have cured him of his temerity. The elder, at any rate, was sure he would not have missed him. However, with a little trouble, we rounded them up and found none missing, and being convinced that Frank's alarm was groundless or one of his methods of coining his daring exploits, we went quietly to bed and slept till morning. After a refreshing bath and comfortable breakfast we broke camp and started on our way.

A BULLOCK TRAIN ON THE PRAIRIE.

Ascending from the hollow of the river-bed, we are again on the open plain. The soil and grass are of the same brown, harsh quality, the water alkaline, no game of any kind visible, save occasionally a curlew screaming as she is disturbed in care of her brood in one of the prairie marshes. The scenery, however, is now more attractive. Away behind us we see, receding into the distance, the dim outlines of Highwood Mountains, while on our left, to the north and west, are the grand old Rocky Moun-

tains, whose snowy peaks tower up in majestic grandeur into the very clouds. The view of these mountains at times, as the sun illuminates their outlines, dimmed by the overhanging clouds, is grand in the extreme. On our right, to the eastward, are the "Three Buttes," or Sweet-grass Hills, which rise like three cones up out of the plains. While we ride on and admire the grand panorama, we descrie a long, white moving chain in the distance, which, on nearer approach, we find to be one of Baker & Company's bullock teams, consisting of eight trains, of three waggons each, drawn by sixteen oxen, making 128 of as fine working cattle as it is possible to see. It was a grand sight. On the left front was the captain quietly walking by the side of his "coyuse" or saddle pony, he being the only mounted man in the party. Then, in one long line comes the slowly moving train, urged by the occasional crack of the huge bullock-whip, as it twirls round the drier's head, while he shouts to the lagging beasts. The waggons are very large and strong, the front one being the largest, and usually carrying about six tons. The next one is less in size and the third one still less. They are covered by white canvas spread over arches, which forms a good protection from sun or rain. These teams make very long journeys, usually at the rate of about fifteen miles per day. The oxen have nothing but prairie grass to eat and often go twenty-four hours without water. The men are fed on pork, bread and tea, with preserved vegetables, corn and beans, and occasionally canned fruits, and sleep on the ground with a blanket. They have but little comfort and very hard work, yet we found them contented and healthy.

We camped at noon by the side of an alkaline marsh and after two-hours rest we resumed our journey. We had not gone far, however, when we found ourselves exposed to all the fury of

A THUNDERSTORM ON THE PRAIRIE.

Lowering clouds, a darkening sky, low mutterings of distant thunder away off towards the Rocky Mountains on the left, suffocating stillness, vivid flashes of long zig-zag bluish-white lightning, and the pattering of great warm drops of rain, all warned us of the approaching storm, and led us to hurry back to the waggons for our water-proofs. Now the grand old Rockies are hid in a black mantle of cloud from which rain is seen to pour in torrents, blown hither and thither. The cooler air, the more frequent and

brighter flashes of the electric fluid, the loud crashes of the thunder which shook the firmament did not warn us in vain. Down came the rain on our devoted heads. Further progress was impossible, so, imitating the animals, we turned our backs to the storm and stood till it was over. Then, relieving ourselves of our overcoats, to carry which in the heat which followed was impossible, we resumed our march, but had not gone far when we had a startling illustration of

THE DANGER OF RIDING OVER GOPHER HOLES.

The brief respite from the deluging rain was followed by the gathering of clouds, portentous of the speedy outburst of another storm. Seeing a bright blue sky in front, it occurred to the writer that by a sharp canter we might escape the coming rain and we endeavored to do so. No sooner had we got into a brisk canter than Mr. G. was shot from the saddle and "Moss trooper" performed as complete a somersault as any acrobat could accomplish, owing to his having put both fore feet into a gopher hole, which in some places occur every few yards, and which are very dangerous to horses unaccustomed to them, but prairie bred horses can be ridden over them with perfect safety at any pace. Fortunately he landed six inches to the right of his prostrate rider, and in a moment both were on their feet, but "Moss," throwing up his head with a bound was in a full gallop back, towards the wagons. Our friends, puzzled to account for the loose horse, at first feared that the lightning had struck us. However, the horse was soon caught and explanation given, and having remounted, we resumed our journey. That evening we reached the Marias River, over which we crossed in a ferry. Here we had anything but a pleasant night. At this ford we found a ranch, which was run, on account of some one else, by a white man and a half-breed. Besides these, there were a few Indians, mostly squaws. Some of our horses having become lame from the cracking of their heels by the alkaline mud and water through which they had so often to pass, we proposed to buy one or two ponies. Our friend, who was very talkative, corralled his ponies, and lassoed a few, but of the lot only one seemed to suit us, as few were broken to harness, and those which were, we found too small. We bought and paid for one, \$40. While here we saw the arrival of an Indian outfit, consisting of two or three old Indians with their squaws

and a few children with about twenty ponies, and a dirty unwashed lot they were. While the men strutted around with vacant looks, the squaws unpacked the camp, erected the wigwams, and did the work generally. Our cook, Frank, thinking this his opportunity to vindicate his alarm of the previous evening, suggested to the "squaw-man" that it must have been they who had been stealing our horses. This key-note seemed to suit our friend, who at once launched out into a lecture on the present danger of losing horses from the roving band of Indians—a war party of "Pie-gans" having passed through there only a day or two before on their way north to retaliate on the Canadian "Bloods," for having stolen horses south of the line. He did not know that there was much danger, but he would recommend a close guard, and suggested that we should employ a half-breed to accompany us, and especially to act as night herdsman that night. After consultation we agreed to carry out his suggestion, and a deaf and dumb lad, supplied by him, was employed at a dollar and a half a day for himself and his pony. Seeing that our arms were well loaded, keeping our clothes on and protecting ourselves as well as we could from mosquitoes, which were simply masters of the situation, we went to sleep and awoke early, thankful to find that we were not yet scalped nor our horses stolen. Thankful to get out of this uncomfortable spot, we hastened our preparations, and, on coming to leave, we found that our new purchase was gone. Sending back our mute half-breed in quest of the missing coyuse, we proceeded on our journey, expecting ever and anon to see them following us, but neither of them put in an appearance. We recovered the horse, however, on our return trip. Our path to-day was through a more undulating country. The grass was richer and the air cooler, owing, no doubt, to the nearer approach to "The Three Buttes" or Sweet Grass Hills. Our noon camp was on a dry lake, but at night we encamped on the highest land on the continent, except the mountains, forming the water-shed of North America. On the one side the waters run in a southward course, going to form the Missouri and Mississippi; on the other they run northward, going to form the great rivers which empty themselves into Hudson's Bay. The clear, cool water which issues from near the top of the hill, called Rocky Springs, was most delicious to us, who for so many days had been exposed to a boiling sun and

had but very indifferent water to drink. Our horses also enjoyed the cooling beverage. We spent a pleasant night here and started refreshed in the morning.

A PERCEPTIBLE CHANGE.

A short distance from our camp we passed the boundary line, and, strange as it may seem, we felt that we were more at home and wished we had a Union Jack to wave above us. Not only so, but, as many others remarked, no sooner did we enter the Dominion than a most marked improvement was at once observable in the soil and the pasture, an improvement which continued to increase till we reached our destination at the Bow River. That night we encamped on the banks of Milk River and, the mosquitoes being plentiful as well as bull-dog flies, we had the misfortune to have our horses stray away just as evening was closing in. Our cook was sent on the coyuse to find them, but, although he came back as late as 10 o'clock, we had reasons for suspecting he had not been half a mile from camp. Morning came and no horses turned up. About half-past three Major W. mounted the coyuse and set out on a search. Two hours later the writer mounted Moss-trooper, and followed to aid in the search, and about four miles from camp was rewarded by seeing the Major, across a distant cooley driving the truants campward, having had to follow them about fifteen miles. About half-past 7 o'clock we were greeted by a cheer as we drove them into camp. It is a fact worth knowing that horses and stock generally, I presume, will go in the face of the wind to escape their tormentors, and in that direction they should be looked for. Our march to-day was through a beautiful prairie country, the grasses being greener, thicker and more succulent than what we had passed, but there was an absence of wood and shelter necessary for winter grazing, though, no doubt, for summer pasturage it is excellent. We passed to-day another bullock team and a surveying party under Mr. Kennedy, and in the evening reached St. Mary's river, where we found an immense pile of flour which had been left waiting to be crossed as soon as the river became fordable. We here met two teamsters, and further on three Indians on their way to buffalo hunting, a rumor having spread that buffalo had again come north, mounted on ponies and carrying their guns across their saddles. We saluted them and gave each a cigar. After about fifteen miles

further, we reached the coal banks below the forks of the rivers St. Mary's and Belly, and here we encamped for the night and enjoyed a cool, pleasant sleep. Having made arrangements to have our outfit ferried across, we had to take the waggons to pieces and pack everything on the boat. Having thus transferred our inert stock our live animals had to be crossed, which proved not to be an easy undertaking.

SWIMMING HORSES ACROSS THE RIVER.

The river at this point is of a considerable size, probably about five hundred yards across, and is very swift. Our first attempt was with "Mosstrooper," to whose halter a picket line was attached and, after one or two attempts, we succeeded in towing him to the other side with the boat. We next tried "Conrad," but it was only after many efforts that he could be persuaded to leave shore. With him also we eventually succeeded. It being too tedious a process to tow them all, one by one, we proposed to drive all the mares into the water, placing the stallions on the opposite shore to attract them, but it was useless to attempt it, everytime we got them in they went but a few yards and returned to shore in spite of us. It was then suggested that Jim, an Indian, in the employ of the ferryman, should ride our Coyuse across, and that we should drive the mares in after him. Jim, who is a large brawny son of the soil, had not much difficulty in divesting himself of his scanty garments; retaining only his hip cloth, (which the Indian seems never to part with), he was soon prepared and mounting on our native pony with a shouting and imitation of the horses neigh which only an Indian could make, he took the water with the reins in his mouth and a switch in his hand and guided the now swimming pony, himself swimming with his feet and keeping up an incessant neigh. With whips and poles we forced the unwilling mares in after him. For a time we thought we were successful, but, to our chagrin, when nearly half way over, back they turned in a body in spite of our shouting and stone throwing. Jim went on and landed on the other side. After looking wistfully across, he disappeared in the cotton wood and presently reappeared, leading his own old white mare and foal which he tied to some brush on the shore and, ascending the river some distance, he recrossed and prepared for a new trial. Here our ever forward Frank got himself "put in" for a swim. During the time Jim was stemming the cur-

rent Frank was laying off how he had done the same many a time and would think little of doing it again, if necessary. We found occasion to make it necessary. As the animals had not followed one horse we thought they might follow two and so Frank had to go on one. He was too securely caught to back out although his countenance betrayed his nervousness. So he prepared to strip, and, it being concluded that he should have the Indian pony, the two men started, but the mares could not be persuaded to follow them. Frank had not gone far either when, his hands becoming entangled in his reins, he nearly succeeded in drowning his horse and himself. It resulted in their becoming separated and each returning to the shore. In the end we had to tow them one by one, except two which the Indian rode over and one which Frank on a second attempt succeeded in riding. I cannot help concurring in the theory of the Indian, that "horses will not swim across a river with the sun in their eyes," especially as we had no difficulty before or since in getting them to cross large streams. Our course now lay through a rich grazing plain, which improved as we proceeded, eliciting from the different members of the party encomiums as pasture for summer ranges, but with a total absence of any shelter for winter. Here we found a coal seam on the bank of the river, which is being worked by the squatter. He sells it on the spot at \$4 to \$5 a ton, drives it to Battleford and sells it for \$15 a ton. Gold is also said to be found here. That night we encamped at the head of a cooley about fifteen miles from Fort McLeod and a mile distant from the camp of engineers under Mr. Aldis. Here we found good cool water and a pleasant camping ground. Intending to reach Fort McLeod in the forenoon, we were up early, but, to our disappointment, we found that except our picketted horses, the rest were gone and nowhere to be found. Taking a pair of horses in the spring wagon, Mr. C., Mr. W., Mr. G. and the writer started for Fort McLeod, which we reached after about three hours' drive. On the way we were joined by Mr. Aldis, C.E., who acted as guide. Leaving the high prairie land we descended a rather steep and narrow ravine or cooley, and reached a lower level or bottom land, where we forded Willow Creek, and by a circuitous road through willows and cottonwood brush, we finally emerged on the bank of Oldman's River, opposite

Fort McLeod. Our first question, asked almost simultaneously, was why on earth this low water-surrounded, mosquito-eaten location has been chosen for a fort or settlement when there were so many commanding, high, airy points at hand, several of which we had just passed. Here we found several Indians and half-breeds encamped. The latter were freighters and had about twenty horses all hobbled by tying both fore feet so that the horse could only hop as if on three legs. (Happy thought! Would this not be better than to hunt fifteen miles for your horses when they are wanted?)

Unharnessing our team and fixing our picket lines, we leave them in charge of a half-breed, and step into the ferry-boat and cross the not wide, but very swift Old-Man's River, and we are at

FORT M'LEOD.

We first visited the trading post of our agents, I. G. B. & Co., where we find Mr. Davis, a very civil person, anxious to accommodate us in every way. We next visited Col. McLeod, by whom we were most kindly received, and found the Colonel and his estimable wife very comfortably established in a happy home, with two sweet children. We found the Colonel, who is Stipendiary Magistrate and a member of the Northwest Council, fully alive to the necessity of sundry improvements in the existing regulations as to the stock-raising business of the Territories, and also as to the Indians and police. This necessity had by this time become quite apparent to ourselves. We next visited the "Fort," and paid our respects to Major Crozier, who is at present superintendent of the force there. We found him very civil and obliging. He kindly offered his services and hospitality. We may remark here that since the Major has been in power he has "gone for" the whiskey traders with vigor. A few days ago he fined one man \$600 for selling spirits.

We here wrote and mailed several letters to our dear ones at home, but, anomalous as it may seem, we found that in the Dominion of Canada, at a Dominion post office, Canadian postage stamps were of no use, and we had to frank our letters with American postage stamps. Here also we received several letters, which, though directed to Fort Benton, Montana, were sent from thence to Battleford, Cypress Hills, and back to McLeod. Consequently, they were about a month older than those we had received at

Benton. However, old as they were, the eagerness with which they were received and read showed that the "little ones at home" occupied a large share of the hearts of all of us.

Of Fort McLeod it may be said that it is "a small and not pretty place." There is not much architectural beauty nor any well-defined plan in laying out the streets. A few low log huts, mud-cemented and earth-roofed, are placed irregularly, except on one street or flat where several are placed in line. Baker's store is the principal place of business; and the chief private houses are those of Col. McLeod, his brother, Capt. Winder, and the boarding house kept by a colored woman. The Fort is a square enclosed by a stockade, with officers' quarters, men's quarters, storeroom and prison. About 50 police do duty here. They wear a smart and soldier-like scarlet uniform. On asking why so low a location had been chosen, and one so liable to be washed away by the water, we were informed that that part of the country was subject to very severe wind storms. As an illustration we were told that on one occasion, the two nine-pounder guns were blown off their carriages—a fact which was explained afterward to me by an ex-policeman. It had been accomplished, it seems, by the aid of two practical jokers, who succeeded in hoaxing the garrison most successfully, and till this day it is related as a fact. However, the Old Man's River is yearly washing away the bottom, and a general moving must soon take place. In the immediate vicinity of Fort McLeod there are some 3,000 Indians. Numbers of them constantly hover around the corners and stores, and a more lazy, filthy race could scarcely be imagined. Many have nothing on but a rag of a blanket and the inevitable hip clout, some that rag alone, while others are resplendent in earrings, necklaces, brass wire twisted in the hair, and their faces painted hideously, a yellowish red. In physique they are fairly developed in the legs, but their arms and hands are like those of a woman. In their manners, curiosity and childlike simplicity form prominent features, but they are thievish and treacherous. Though easily satisfied, they must receive what has been promised them. The only way to deal with them is to say "yes" or "no," but carry out any promise made and there will be no difficulty in getting along with them. In the evening we started and camped about fifteen miles on the way to Bow River. Next day we came through a

rich pasture land and that evening we camped at a ranch on High River. Here we found one of the best cattle ranges in the whole Northwest—pasture abundant, water good, and plenty of shelter on the well-wooded river banks. We were informed that, except that there was a little more snow here than on the Bow River, this range was equal in any respect to what we could find there; and, it would be difficult to improve on it so far as we could judge at that season of the year. We started in the morning, intending to reach Fort Calgary, but, owing to a severe illness with which the writer was seized, caused by the long continued use of alkaline water, we had to camp in the afternoon, and only reached Calgary next forenoon. There we were most hospitably entertained by Mr. Fraser, of the Hudson Bay post at that place.

FORTE CALGARY.

This post, which was built about seven years ago on a bottom land at the confluence of the Elbow and Bow Rivers, is, like all similar structures, a stockaded square with quarters, stores and stables, built of logs cemented with mud and roofed with earth. It has been disused for some years, and at present is guarded with only two constables. Here also Baker & Co have a store and on the opposite side of the Elbow is a Hudson Bay Co's post, managed by Mr. Fraser, a native of Dundee, Scotland, whose hospitality the writer enjoyed for a few days. Mr. Fraser has been twenty-one years in the Company's service, is thoroughly conversant with all matters relating to Indian affairs, understands their languages and afforded the writer much information and amusement by relating his experiences in the country. A few acres from this post two former members of the N. W. M. police force, Capt. Denny and Dr. Lauder, have built a comfortable house and have fenced in about 150 acres on which they are trying to grow some oats and potatoes. The latter look promising, but the former are very indifferent. It is their intention to go into the stock-raising business, for which the location on which they have settled is admirably adapted. While here I enjoyed the delicious Bow River trout, kindly supplied by a corporal who was in charge of the fort, and who, besides being an excellent constable, is also a skilful fisher. The other settlers here are Mr. Munro, a Canadian, who owns a small band of horses and some cattle,

and a few half-breeds. Calgary is a favourite trading post for the Indians and, when there was game to be had in the country, a large trade was done here. They still visit the place in small bands, but they have nothing to trade with as they are all poor, many being naked and come to beg for food, tea, tobacco, matches, flour or bacon.

SELLING A SQUAW.

While here an incident occurred which will serve to illustrate a practice common even yet among these people. About a year ago a resident of Calgary had promised an old Blackfoot Indian and his squaw to buy their daughter for thirty dollars when they returned this summer. In the meantime he had found a half-breed woman, to whom he proposed marriage, and he was united to her by the Roman Catholic priest. Consequently, when the Indian brought home his purchase, he found he could not take her, and he had to appease the wrath of the parents by giving them some tea and flour. They took the young squaw to another resident but he would not give thirty dollars for her. They then tried another, to whom they offered her at ten dollars at first and finally for nothing, but they were mortified to find that there was no market for her there even at that price, and departed, cursing the perfidy of the whites. On enquiry I found that the practice of selling their daughters is very common among the Indians. In fact it is the only form of marriage which is in vogue with most of the tribes. The barter is usually for ponies, from one to six ponies usually being the price. When the opportunity occurs, they almost invariably embrace it of selling them to white men, who may be said to marry the family, for if they are poor, as they nearly all are, the probability is that they will pitch their tapee opposite his schak when winter drives them from the hunting grounds and they thus share his provisions. The practice of white men cohabiting with squaws is far too common. In fact at almost every ranch which we passed on our prairie journey we found this to be the case. In some instances genuine marriages have taken place but the practice is not common. A few romantic stories were related to us of the manner in which, during the times of trouble with the Indians, the dusky maidens saved the lives of the white men who afterwards married them. In these cases they become much attached to each other.

THE LAND OF PROMISE.

Having reached Calgary on Saturday afternoon, it was decided to remain till Monday morning, when the party again started to view "the land of promise," which is about thirty miles north from here. Unfortunately, the writer was too unwell to go on with the company, and had to remain behind for two days. Therefore, he had not the pleasure of visiting Morleyville, distant about 48 miles, where the party were most hospitably entertained by the Rev. John McDougall. The place consists of about a dozen houses and a church, and in the immediate neighborhood is the reservation of the Stoney Indians, of which Mr. McDougall is the agent. Under his management, the tribe has become far more advanced in civilization than any of the others. The barbarous and cruel practices, which are noticed in another chapter as prevailing among several of the tribes, have been relinquished by them. Many of them are members of the Methodist Church. Polygamy is unknown, and the marriage ceremony is solemnized and the baptismal rite is administered among them. The tapee or wigwam is becoming disused, and giving place to wooden block houses. They also cultivate some land and own cattle and horses. The climatic difficulties, however, are such that agriculture is not likely to make much progress among them. Root crops do well, but grains will not mature owing to the frequent frosts. Morleyville is situated in a beautiful valley within about ten miles of the Rocky Mountains, the view of which from this point is grand in the extreme. While here the party had the pleasure of seeing the mountains enveloped in a snow-storm, while at Morleyville the sun was shining brightly, and the thermometer, protected from the cool winds, registered 90°. The sight was described by the whole party as exceedingly grand. Fifteen miles south of here is Bow River Pass, which is now being surveyed by the engineers of the Canadian Pacific Railway for the passage of that road through the mountains.

AGAIN ON THE MARCH.

Having regained sufficient strength to proceed on the journey, the writer, procuring a team and guide, drove out to the ranch which had been selected by Major Walker for the company. Here I found Mr. E. A. B — settling down to genuine ranch life in the little log cabin near the banks of the

Elbow River, in a lovely valley, surrounded by grass hills. This location has been selected as the headquarters of the horse ranch under the supervision of Mr. Barter, who, with six stalwart young Canadians—all ex-policemen—was busy at work erecting a horse shed to shelter the stallions and mares which we brought with us. They were preparing to get out fence rails and posts which were easily procurable within a mile of the ranch. He also intended to cut a large quantity of hay for winter use, of which an almost unlimited supply was to be found all around. Mounted on one of the riding ponies, accompanied by my guide, I rode to the summit of the "Big hill," a grass covered eminence a few miles distant. Here we had an excellent view of the range which we have selected for the stock-raising purposes of the company. It is situated on either side of the Bow River at the confluence of Jumping Pond Creek. The land is rolling, consisting of numerous grass hills, plateaux and bottom lands, intersected here and there by streams of considerable size issuing from never-failing springs. The water is clear and cool. Every one of them, as well as Jumping Pond Creek and Bow River, is full of trout, brook and salmon, which are most delicious to eat. There is abundance of pine and cotton-wood on Jumping Pond Creek and the hillsides, besides numerous thickets of alder and willow scattered here and there over the range, which afford excellent shelter for stock in winter. The grasses are most luxuriant, especially what is known as "bunch-grass," and wild vetch or pea-vine, and on the lower levels, in damper soil, the blue-joint grass, which resembles the English rye-grass, but grows stronger and higher. On some of the upland meadows wild Timothy is also found. These grasses grow in many places from one to two feet high, and cover the ground like a thick mat. Nowhere else has the writer seen such abundance of feed for cattle. We were informed, and have no reason to doubt it, that these grasses do not wither and die as they do in a more humid climate, but, owing no doubt, to the purity and dryness of the air, they cure on their roots and make excellent hay. They thus preserve all their nutritious qualities, and make excellent feed for winter, a fact which is proved by the fat condition of all stock wintered in that country. Many of them are turned out in a very lean condition, especially the working oxen of the freighters, but in course of time become fleshy and sleek.

The site selected for the ranch buildings is a beautiful one, a level plateau covered with rich pasture, on the north bank of Bow river, about forty feet above the level of the water. It commands an extensive view of the range, and from here the snow-capped peaks of the Rockies are seen standing out in bold relief against the western horizon. The soil is rich, and the long grass which covers it will make excellent hay, and in a few years, probably, it will be fenced in and divided into beautiful fields with sheds and corrals necessary for the segregation of the different breeds of the male animals, and otherwise assume the features of civilization. Having rejoined the rest of the party, it was decided to adhere to the selection made by Major Walker as nearly as possible, and, as he had staked the boundaries to guide the engineers in surveying it, we began our homeward march, intending to make the necessary application to the Government for possession of the land in terms of the Order-in-Council of 25th May, 1881.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

Having thus accomplished as much of our mission as could be done here, we left Calgary on the return journey on Friday morning and reached the ranch at High River, where we again camped for the night. Starting about five o'clock in the morning, we reached Cutbank on Willow Creek, about fifteen miles from Fort McLeod, where we pitched our tents. We tried to sleep, but found it impossible to do so, owing to mosquitoes. Here, also, we met our first lot of bulls, six thoroughbred shorthorns and one Hereford, bred at Hillhurst, also four mares, the Jack, and an ox team with implements. Starting early we reached Fort McLeod in the forenoon, and found that the water in Old Man's River had fallen so low that we could ford it. Consequently we drove across without difficulty. We spent the Sunday here, having received letters and papers, and were again most hospitably entertained by the officers of the force.

Col. McLeod, having resigned command of the Northwest Mounted Police, has been succeeded by Colonel Irvine, whose headquarters are at Cypress Hills, and who, at present, is on a mission to Wood Mountain to effect, if possible, the surrender of Sitting Bull to the American Government. In this mission it is thought he will be successful and thus rid both countries of a constant source of trouble. Doubtless, too, the old warrior himself will be glad to be at peace

once more, as his band is rapidly lessening and is surrounded by enemies on both sides of the line. There being no game to live upon and the police having orders to feed him no longer, there can be little doubt that he will accept the terms which Col. Irvine is authorized to offer him.

SOUVENIRS OF SITTING BULL.

Major Crozier, who had seen much of this now celebrated war chief of the Sioux Indians and had obtained a large number of souvenirs from him, very kindly presented us all with articles obtained from his own hands. Mr. C. got Bull's cartridge belt and shield; Mr. W., his bow and arrows, and coup stick, (this an oval stone, somewhat pointed at the ends and furnished with a long handle made of dried buffalo hide). It is a formidable weapon, used with deadly effect by the Sioux in close quarters, and for killing the wounded. Mr. G. got a gun cover and a pair of mocassins made by his daughter "Minnie Steemah," or "Sleeping Water," and the writer got Bull's riding whip (an indispensable article for the Indian), a pair of richly beaded mocassins made by the same dusky maiden, besides other curiosities from Bull's camp. Most of these articles had been through the now historical Custer fight at the Black Hills, where General Custer and his entire following were led into an ambush by this wily old chief, and not a single man of his command was left to give an account of the fight.

In addition to Bull's other troubles, his heart has recently been nearly broken by the elopement of his daughter above referred to with a member of his band, and their surrender to the American authorities, who have sent them, with the others of his following who have surrendered, to Standing Rock Agency, seventy miles below Bismarck, where however, it is probable he himself will soon follow them.

We also received the most generous attention from Inspector and Quartermaster Dowling, and had the pleasure of meeting Inspector F. J. Dickens, who is a son of the great novelist.

THE POLICE SUPPLY FARM.

Next morning we were invited to an excursion to visit the Police Supply Farm,

* Since the above was written, Sitting Bull has surrendered, and is now a prisoner at Fort Yates, Dakota Territory.

which is located about thirty-five miles west of Fort McLeod, and near the foot hills of the Rocky Mountains. The party consisted of Colonel McLeod, Major Crozier, Mr. C., Mr. G., Mr. Fred. S., Sidney G., Major Walker, the writer, and three of the Mounted Police. The farm is beautifully situated on Pincher Creek, and is probably one of the best ranches in the Northwest. It is managed by Captain and Inspector Shurtliff, by whom it was located, about two and a half years ago. An area of about a mile square has been fenced in, and there are about 200 acres in oats, which, according to the estimate of Captain Shurtliff, is expected to yield about thirty bushels to the acre, weighing from thirty-six to forty pounds per bushel. There is a herd of horses on the farm, numbering 125, of all ages. It was started about two years ago with twenty mares. There are at present fifty—mostly cast police mares. Some of them are very superior animals, and had a proper stallion been obtained, they would have bred very valuable horses, but unfortunately no stallion was furnished for them, and Mr. Shurtliff was forced to use an undersized half-bred horse which had been bought in Manitoba as a trooper. Consequently the colts are small and inferior. They have now a thorough-bred horse which was received at the farm this spring, but which is not a very great improvement on the other, for either size or bone. It is the general impression that the attempt at horse breeding for the force will be relinquished—if not the farm itself—as so far it has not been profitable. Besides, it occupies the time of nine constables and an inspector, who, as I will show in another chapter, can be ill spared from a force already too deficient in numbers. We remained over night and were most hospitably entertained by Capt. Shurtliff and his good lady, in their comfortable home which was built under his own direction, and is probably one of the best houses in this territory. Next morning we drove to the saw mill formerly owned by the Government, but recently bought by John Haggart, M. P. It is situated on Old Man's River, and can supply a large quantity of timber. In the immediate neighborhood of the mill there is an excellent seam of coal on the surface. From here we visited a "cañon" on the south fork of Old Man's River and spent a few pleasant hours in fishing. The streams here, as further north, are full of fish, some of which are from six to eight pounds in weight. Return-

ing to the farm, we passed another night there, and returned to Fort McLeod.

THE PINCHER CREEK COUNTRY.

Here, as further north, we found that as we neared the mountains, owing to the atmosphere being more moist and rains more frequent, the grasses became more luxuriant, and for about twenty-five miles from the base of the mountains, including the foot hills, there is an inexhaustible growth of rich nutritious grass. In some places it is so thick and so long as to impede the progress of the horses. This country is well watered and fairly wooded, and for cattle-raising may be considered equal, if not superior, to any we had previously seen. We were shown a herd of cattle belonging to the Indian Department which has wintered there, and a finer lot of cattle no one need wish to see. Capt. Shurtliff assured us that there was no difficulty there about wintering stock safely. There is a considerable number of settlers in this district, and several new ranges are being taken up, especially in the forks of the Old Man's River and the rich valley stretching to the north eastward, extending to the Porcupine Hills, along the foot hills to the southward from the Government farms. Notwithstanding the richness of the soil and luxuriance of the grasses, the belt can never become an agricultural one, owing to the frequency of frosts, although here as further north potatoes and other roots grow well.

NEZ PERCE INDIANS.

Here we saw a small camp of this tribe, a remnant of Chief Joseph's followers who escaped at the time of his capture after the Cow Island affair. The head of this small band of some five or six lodges, is "Johnston," a man of good physique and considerable intelligence. These Indians are greatly in advance of the other tribes, and before their quarrel with the white settlers in Idaho, on the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, they are said to have been very comfortable, having large herds of both cattle and horses, and many of them being fair cultivators. The repeated aggressions of the whites on what they considered their property led to resentment on their part, and having killed a number of white settlers, war was declared against them, and they had to fly before the American soldiery under Gen. Howard, who were sent to chastise them. It was on their flight toward Canada when they

crossed the Missouri at Cow Island that they surprised the few soldiers in charge of the stores there.

A SWIM IN A WAGGON.

Mr. W. related a narrow escape from drowning, which happened to himself, and his companion. Having to cross the Belly River, they attempted to ford it with the waggon, but they had not gone far when the horses were swimming, and the waggon settling well down in the water and half floating. By judiciously turning the horses' heads down stream and gradually heading them shoreward, they at last reached land on the side from which they started. Instead of there being one, there were two wiser and wetter men. On Thursday night we camped at Kipp's cooley, and on Friday at a dry lake, fifteen miles west of the boundary line, opposite the three Buttes. Saturday night we spent at the Marias River, alongside an Indian encampment. On Sunday night we found ourselves at a marsh within 35 miles of Fort Benton, which place we reached on Monday about noon.

MATE STARR OF STEAMER 'RED' CLOUD SHOOTS A MAN.

On the evening of our return, the steamer which brought us up came in. During the forenoon of next day, the mate, while having a drink in a saloon, getting into an altercation with a rough known by the sobriquet of "Tapioca," drew his revolver and shot him in the chin and neck. When we left he was lodged in jail, but it was generally expected that the rough element would lynch him.

GENERAL IMPRESSIONS OF THE COUNTRY AND ITS SUITABLENESS FOR STOCK-RAISING.

From the boundary line north to Morleyville, including the belt of land extending from twenty-five to thirty miles east of the Rocky Mountains, may be considered as the grazing belt, and during summer, unless it is unusually dry, abundance of pasture can be found for stock in almost any part of it. The nearer you approach the mountains, or to within a few miles of their base, the more luxuriant it becomes, owing no doubt to the increase of moisture condensed by the snow-clad peaks of the mountains. The altitude in some places reaches 10,400 feet, and the base of the main range is estimated at 4,000 feet above the level of the sea. This high altitude and proximity to perpetual snow,

the consequent coldness of the climate and liability to summer frosts, are all against crop raising on this rich belt, though they are favorable to the growth of the luxurious and nutritious grasses. These are found almost everywhere within its limits, but of course more abundant in some places than others. The rolling nature of the land and the abundance of never-failing springs and streams issuing from the hill-sides in all directions, make this a natural pasturage. At first we thought this high altitude and proximity to perpetual snow would cause the winter to be so severe that stock could not exist without artificial food and shelter. And such would doubtless be the case, were it not for the moderate effects of what are known as the "Chinook" winds, hot currents of air which seem to issue from the mountain passes, and ere said to come from the Pacific Ocean, which prevail along the belt of the Rocky Mountain base as far north as Morleyville. This wind is said to cause the disappearance of the heaviest snowfall within a few hours. In conversation with settlers who have been in the country for years, I learned that, in most parts of the belt of land, cattle and horses wintered well, and were fat in spring, living on nothing but the self-cured grasses—that in fact they did better in winter than they did during the fly season in summer, which is very trying for them. It may, therefore, be accepted as a fact that so far as food, water and the climate is concerned, stock raising in this country can be safely conducted, but there are several difficulties to which stock-raising is liable, the principal of which are stealing by Indians, prairie fires, and mosquitoes.

DANGER FROM INDIANS.

Hitherto game, especially buffalo, has been plentiful, so numerous, indeed, as to lead to the most wasteful slaughtering by both Indians and whites. In many cases thousands were slaughtered for their tongues alone, when killed out of season for their skins. The former abundance on the plains over which we travelled was amply testified by the countless remains of carcasses, especially heads, horns, ribs and by vertebrae, bleached almost to snow whiteness, to be seen in every direction. In his report on the Boundary Survey, 1878, Captain W. J. Twining, Chief Astronomer and Surveyor, U. S. A., speaking of the Sweet Grass Hills, says: "These Three Buttes are the centre of

the feeding ground of the great northern herd of buffaloes. The herd, which ranges from the Missouri River north to the Saskatchewan made its appearance, going south, about the last of August. The number of animals is beyond all estimation. Looking at the front of the herd from an elevation of 1800 feet above the plain, I was unable to see the end in either direction. The half-breeds, Sioux, Assiniboinese, Gros Ventres, of the prairie, and Blackfeet all follow the outskirts of this herd; but, with all their wasteful slaughter, they make but little impression upon it." Capt. T. F. Gregory, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., in his report on the same commission, referring to buffalo, says:—"Upon our return from the Rocky Mountains to the Sweet Grass Hills, the plains and eastern slopes of the hills were literally black with the creatures, and for days upon our march towards Fort Benton, the plains presented a similar appearance for nearly 180 degrees of the horizon from the north around by the east." Similar statements were made by Col. McLeod, Major Crozier, Mr. Fraser and others, with regard to the country as far north as Edmonton, but for three years back scarcely a buffalo has been seen there. When we consider how much the poor Indian was dependant on the buffalo, we can see how it is that they are now so poor, destitute in fact, and, therefore, a source of danger to cattle-raising interests in that territory. From the buffalo the Indian derived his food all the year round, which consisted for the most part of pemmican or dried buffalo meat. Of the skins he made his tepee, or wigwam; his bed, his clothing, his moccasins, his harness, shaggonapi and ropes were also made from it. The sinews supplied his thread; good skins, when dressed into robes, were traded for tea, sugar and other necessities, as well as money and ponies, and in many instances the buffalo also supplied the only fuel within his reach. They also afforded them employment and enjoyment in hunting, and so long as buffalo lasted and were plentiful the Indian could afford to be honest so far as cattle stealing was concerned. Not only have the buffalo disappeared from the northern plains, but with them antelope and other game which usually accompany them for protection against wolves, leaving the Indians dependent on the Government allowance. This is served to them at the reservations, consisting of flour and meat and five dollars each per year. They are by no means a frugal race. With them it is generally a feast or a famine, as they

seldom think of more than the passing day. Added to this is the fact that a large band of Blackfeet, under "Crowfoot," which has been hunting in the United States for two years, have just returned, and were in camp at Fort McLeod, when we left there, on their way to the Blackfoot Crossing to receive their pay. The American Government have taken steps to prevent them returning to that territory; consequently this lawless band, in a state of the most abject poverty, naked and starving, have been added to the large number already in the country. The large increase of white settlers, many of them frontiersmen from the States or the other side of the mountains—men who will not hesitate to shoot any Indian whom they may detect in, or even suspect of, cattle stealing, together with the introduction of large bands of cattle into different parts of the territory, greatly increases the danger. It must be expected that these poor Indian people, unless fed regularly and well by the Government, will, in their semi-starving condition, find it very hard to refrain from killing cattle. Unless the greatest precautions are taken to prevent a disruption between them and the whites, they may be converted from a most peaceful to a dangerous race, among whom neither life nor property will be safe. The greatest praise is due to Col. McLeod and those associated with him for their successful management of the Canadian Indians, whose contentedness and peaceful habits form a marked contrast to the constant trouble and discontent of the American Indians, and to the Indian Department for the admirable manner in which they have carried out the terms of the treaties and retained the confidence of the savage tribes. Until the present time the N. W. M. Police have been, and are still looked upon by the Indians as their friends and supporters, and to the officers they invariably come for advice in all matters of importance. The police have in this way had a wonderful influence in maintaining peace between the tribes and preventing disturbances between Indians and Whites. And so long as there were but few settlers in the country, and before herds of cattle took the place of buffalo, this happy condition of things would no doubt have been maintained. Now, however, as an influx of settlers pours in and the Indians are hemmed in to the limits of their reservations, they will become more difficult to deal with, and a large force of disciplined men will be required to maintain order.

PRAIRIE FIRES.

In a country where the grass grows so long and where the atmosphere is so dry, it not unfrequently happens that, through carelessness in leaving a camp fire unextinguished, the long dry grass takes fire and the hot air soon creates a current which increases to a wind, and the roaring flames spread over the prairie with dangerous rapidity. The stock is driven to seek safety in headlong flight or in streams or marshy lakes, and the plain becomes a charred and blackened mass. The winter supply of food is thus destroyed, while incalculable loss is caused to the owners of large herds in collecting the scattered bands and in driving them to distant grazing grounds. These, moreover, are difficult to find, especially such as are capable of feeding stock during winter. The stock owner is subject to this terrible calamity not only by accident but also through malice. A heavy penalty is attached to this offence, whether arising through carelessness or wilfully, but it is seldom that the culprit can be detected and brought to justice.

MOSQUITOES AND BULLDOG FLIES.

During the months of June, July and August, especially in seasons when there are frequent rains, mosquitoes and bulldog flies are very troublesome. During our visit it was almost impossible to exist amongst them; the poor cattle and horses were often almost frantic with the irritation caused by them. On horses the latter are especially severe, causing the blood to flow freely from their bites. During their prevalence, horses lose flesh, and those in weak condition have been known to die from the effect of them. Our own experience with the thoroughbred stallions amply justified belief in such a statement. The mosquitoes covered the poor animals so that, in many instances, it would be difficult to tell their colour, and as for ourselves, although our hands and arms were protected by gauntlets and our heads encased in head nets (strong white netting with wire hoops), we often found it impossible to sleep, eat, or do anything in comfort. Often, notwithstanding all the precautions of a smudge and our keeping the tent closed at night, in the morning we would find it like a bee-hive, while each of us had the same story of the miseries of the night. On several occasions our horses were driven to flight to escape their tormentors. On those occasions they will invariably go in the direction of the wind, and stock will often go long distances if there is not much

wind, or the weather is warm. Every ranch and camp is provided with one or more

SMUDGES.

This consists of a square enclosure about six feet square inclosed by strong fence posts and in the centre of which a smouldering fire of wood, sage-bush and sods is kept constantly burning. The smoke keeps the pests in some measure away, and round the smudges the stock will crowd and jostle one another to get into the smoke. Often it was only in the smoke of the smudge that it was possible for us to eat our meals and, were it not for its use in front of and in our tents, there were few nights during which it would have been possible for us to sleep, notwithstanding our nets and head coverings. Pleasure-seekers, therefore, should not visit this territory during June, July or August. The best time is in September or October, when the weather is cool and there are no flies.

THE NORTHWEST MOUNTED POLICE.

The value of this force cannot be understood, or appreciated by any except by those who have visited the territory in which they serve. Nor does it appear that their importance and usefulness has been fully recognized by the Government; for it speedily becomes apparent to any one visiting there and seeing the extent of territory over which this handful of men performing the duties of constables and combining both civil and military work, are deficient both in numbers and equipment, they at one time doing sentry duty at a post, at another make arrests and preventing illicit traffic in liquors. The trade is carried on by the most lawless class of men in the world, many of them refugees from justice in the neighboring Republic. One of the most important duties of the force is the preserving of peace between the different Indian tribes and between the white men and the Indians. In the performance of these duties they have often to ride very long and rapid journeys (not unfrequently one hundred miles a day) and at great personal risk have to seize and destroy large quantities of high wines and other liquors; for these Indians have such a craving that they will barter off their last horse. The traffic is, therefore, very profitable to the trader. The full strength of the force is 300; at present, however, there are but 260, distributed as follows: Fort McLeod, 34; Fort Walsh, 50; Battleford, 50; Qu'Appelle, 50; Wood Mountain, 45; Edmonton, 25; Calgary, 2. The balance are on escort duty

with His Excellency on his official tour through the territory. The force is under the command of Col. Irvine, who is designated commissioner. This officer is said by those who know him best to be most efficient and energetic, and very desirous of seeing the force raised to a high state of efficiency. There is no assistant commissioner at present. It is divided into six divisions named from A to F, commanded by a superintendent with two inspectors. A superintendent is the commanding officer of a district; an inspector assists the superintendent to visit posts, and, when the detachment is strong enough, he is sent in charge of an outpost. The following is a list of the officers at present doing duty with the force: Superintendents—Col Jarvis, Major Walsh, Major Crozier, Capt Herkimer, Capt Cotton. Inspectors—Messrs Shirtliff, Gagnon, Dickens, French, Grieshack, Neal, Antrobus, Steele, McDonald, Frechette, McIlree and Dowling. A superintendent in this police force combines within himself the functions of policeman, soldier, justice, lawyer, customs officer, and, at many of the posts, Indian agent. To give an idea of the extent of territory over which his duties extend, I may say that the Fort McLeod district alone extends 170 miles east and 340 miles north to Edmonton, and through this district is the main trail from Benton to the north. Yet, we find only 50 constables at Fort McLeod and two men who are stationed at Fort Calgary. When we consider that this district embraces nearly all the grazing lands, and that there are probably 10,000 or 12,000 Indians within its bounds, it will be at once apparent that, in the event of an outbreak of the latter, which is by no means improbable, the stock and those in charge of them would be entirely at the mercy of these relentless savages. It is clearly the duty of the Government to foster a feeling of content among them by feeding and clothing them well or else increase the force to such an extent as to be a terror to them. This can only be done by largely increasing their numerical strength, by furnishing them with the best of horses and transport waggons, both of which are of the very greatest importance in a country like this, where long and continuous journeys have to be made over very bad roads. In the latter, judging from what we saw at Fort McLeod, there is great room for improvement. At present they are obliged to use the same horses for saddle and harness which, in that country more than anywhere else, renders them unfit for either purpose.

They certainly should have a larger class of horses for teaming; troop horses should be kept for riding only, and each man should have his own horse, so that an intimate acquaintance and mutual confidence be established between horse and rider. This is especially essential to the horseman on the long prairie rides which these men have so often to make in the performance of their duties. As with the horses, so with the men; it is impossible to combine in one and the same man an efficient policeman, soldier, farmer, builder and man-of-all-work, as is now done. It is found by experience that in place of economy, to endeavor to unite these avocations in one man, in the end is extravagance. They should devote their whole time to the training necessary to make them efficient. The most important part of this training is equitation and the use of the rifle. The ordinary military practice of shooting at fixed targets is useless to this force. They should be practised in shooting at moving targets and at objects both afoot and on horseback. Should it ever be necessary for them to encounter the Indians they would otherwise be at a disadvantage, as the latter are practiced riflemen at moving objects. The force, as constituted and under the circumstances which have existed since its organization, has done excellent service. But now that that great fertile country is about to be opened up by railway communication and a large influx of settlers, reorganization and increase of the force are necessary. It has been suggested by an experienced officer of the force, that it should be made a military organization, with civil powers conferred on a certain portion, for, says he, "notwithstanding the good services rendered by the force in the past—services which have neither been known, understood nor appreciated—yet the experience of seven years prompts one to conclude that organization and routine duties would be more satisfactorily carried on if the force was made a military one. This will apply also to the transport and supply departments, which, after all, are of the greatest importance." The posts are very inferior. They were put up hurriedly for temporary shelter, and are not fit for permanent use. The dilapidated condition of these so-called forts, McLeod and Calgary, is neither creditable to the force nor the Government, consisting as they do, of rough log huts, mud-plastered and earth roofed, little better than the Missouri River woodman's shack, or the squatter's

log shanty. When the force was first organized there was no difficulty in getting a sufficient number of excellent men, but lately, owing in part, no doubt, to reduction of pay and other causes, good men are not easily procured, and many of the best men have left the force on the expiry of their term of three years. Not a few of the new recruits, moreover, having discovered that there was more hard work than romance in the service, have deserted on the first opportunity. When it is considered how much depends on the efficient discharge of the duties of this force, and now much the nature of their duties necessitates their being trusted alone, and on important missions, the necessity for holding out inducements for good men to join by good pay and prospects of promotion, become apparent.

WHISKEY TRADERS.

—This class of men have been a curse to the Indians and this whole Northwest territory. They are usually outcasts from society, who fear neither God nor man, and whose object is to destroy the senses of the poor Indians that they may rob them of whatever they may possess. I have the following statement from one of the class, who boasted that some years ago he started for an Indian encampment with ten gallons of highwines reduced to the strength of whiskey, and in the evening commenced trading for buffalo robes. He started by giving them full strength, and as they became drunk he replaced what was taken out with water, and in this way he obtained from them about 200 robes, worth nearly \$1,000, for his ten gallons of highwines, which cost him \$50. Chuckling, the villain concluded by saying, "At ten o'clock next morning they had the whiskey, I had the robes, and they were all sober." This is the class of men who cause trouble and distrust between the Indians and whites, and it is to the suppression of this vile traffic that the energies of the police are mainly directed. With these rascals they are often brought into collision in the discharge of their arduous, and often dangerous, duties. It is no uncommon practice for these men to report and pay duty on a few gallons, while they *cache** a large quantity. This, when discovered by the police, can only be seized by overpowering the smugglers, and then only under cover of loaded carbines. During the past month Major Crozier has

* By *cacheing* means hiding in the brush or underground.

effected two large seizures of pure alcohol brought in by parties representing themselves as intending settlers.

INDIAN CUSTOMS AND SUPERSTITIONS—INDIAN GRAVES.

Very few of the Northwest Canadian Indian tribes bury their dead. Probably the Stonies are the only ones who yet do so. The prevailing custom is to place them in trees or on a rough trestle supported by poles. Some of them merely lay them on the ground and cover them with an old tepee or lodge. In former years it was their custom to kill the dead brave's best horse, and place his gun, powder-horn, knife and tobacco pouch beside him, in the belief that he went to hunting grounds, "the happy hunting grounds," where he spent the great future in pursuit of game. Now-a-days they are too poor to kill a horse or waste a rifle, and they content themselves with merely cutting off the hair of the mane and tail of his horse. We saw several horses so mutilated on the plains and at Calgary.

MOURNING FOR THE DEAD.

When any of their sons are killed in battle (especially among the Blackfeet, Piegiens, Surcees and Blood Indians), the father and mother each cut off the point of a finger, commencing with the little finger, and they must, on no account, apply anything to heal it. Thus they are constantly reminded of their loss. When a squaw loses her brave by death, she cuts her legs in all directions and goes about the camp with blood streaming from them and uttering a most mournful howling.

SUPERSTITIONS REGARDING BUFFALO.

They attribute the disappearance of the buffalo to the white man. They imagine that there is a large hole down at the Sand Hills, through which they have disappeared, and through which they firmly believe that they will come up again. They imagine that buffalo when killed become mice, and that their future existence will be spent in hunting mice.

THE SUN DANCE.*

This is their great fast, a religious custom, performed with all the demonstration of Indian pomp and ceremony. It is held

once a year, usually at the full moon, about the 20th of June. At this time the whole nation assembles, and the young men who wish to undergo the ordeal which is to raise them to the rank of warriors, and the young women who wish to declare their virginity, together with the successful warriors or horse-thieves, all announce themselves to the medicine man as desirous of undergoing the ordeal. A suitable location being decided upon, the medicine man, who is also the priest, accompanied by the chiefs and council men, proceed to select a suitable pole, round which they all gather, and after certain incantations are gone through, the candidates step forward, first the warriors, who tap the tree with an axe, and then recount in a wordy oration their past history; the number of fights they have been engaged in; the scalps they have taken; and the number of horses they have stolen, concluding by handing to the medicine man a number of presents or a piece of stick to represent one. After they have each had their say, the young candidates step up and striking the tree with the hatchet declare their intention of dancing the sun dance; next come the virgins of the tribe, and by a tap of the hatchet declare their virginity; deception on their part if discovered, is often punished by death or torture. These ceremonies over, the tree is cut down by the medicine man and dressed, it is then carried on their shoulders in solemn procession, accompanied by chanting and shouting to the spot selected, where it is set up, and a cord of raw hide for each aspirant to the honor of being a warrior, and having the privilege of going on war parties, is attached to the pole, ten or twelve feet from the ground. The medicine man now steps forward and addresses the young men, urging on them not to flinch. He proceeds to pass a wooden skewer through each breast, and to these he attaches the cords fixed to the upright pole, he also inserts a skewer on the skin of the back and to it he attaches a buffalo head. Meantime the squaws are erecting other poles around it and enclosing it with skins, leaving openings in the roof and sides through which the sun can shine. A whistle made from the quill of an eagle's feather is placed in the mouth of the dancer on which he pipes his own music. Being thus prepared, they commence to dance, and throw themselves back until they succeed in tearing themselves loose. They are not allowed to use their hands nor do any-

* I am indebted to Captain Clark, 2nd United States Cavalry, A.D.C. to General Sherman, for information on this and other interesting subjects connected with Indian life and customs.

thing to assist in freeing themselves; they must neither eat, drink nor sleep, consequently the torture is fearful, and in some cases the victims faint from fatigue and pain, as it will sometimes take them two or three days to tear themselves loose. Should a young brave fail from pain or cowardice, and refuse to dance the sun dance, he is compelled to dress and do menial work like a squaw, and is held in the utmost disgrace. Should one of them stand the torture unflinchingly but not be able to break loose, a council can decide that he has done well, and the Medicine Man can cut him loose. This is seldom done, however. They are very vain of the scars left by the sun-dance. The writer was shown several who were deeply marked on the breast, back and arms from this cause. The custom is not universal; it is not often practised by the northern tribes in Canada. The Blackfeet, Surcees and Bloods still practice it. On the Missouri River we saw several of the large sun-dance lodges dismantled, but which were used only a week before.

TORTURING PRISONERS.

The evil practices of the Sioux, especially in torturing their prisoners, are too horrible to describe. Among them may be mentioned running pine splinters under the finger and toe nails, and also into the eyes. In these fiendish cruelties the squaws are said to take a most active part.

THEIR MANNER OF TRAVELLING.

Nearly all the Indians own ponies, good or bad, these being their wealth, and on horse-back they usually move from one place to another. The brave's "outfit" consists of pony and a cheap saddle, if he can afford it, his blanket, leggings and moccasins, on his waist his cartridge belt and across his saddle in front his rifle. He usually has no head-dress and his long, matted, straight black hair has neither covering nor ornament except a few points of brass wire twisted into it here and there, and probably his face highly colored by a coating of red paint. As he urges his pony along with a whip (a straight stick about fifteen inches long with three thongs of untanned skin), his right hand constantly in motion, the pace is usually a canter or loup. In this manner they precede the squaws. To these poor creatures is left all the hard work of the camp. They dismantle the tepee, pack the skins and poles on the ponies, carrying their papooses, domestic utensils, bedding, &c., on

a travois consisting of two poles crossed and bound together at the horse's shoulder, trailing behind on the ground, with a skin tied across behind the horse about two feet from the ground. In this the papooses and other articles are bound and carried. The squaw rides man-fashion on the pony, sometimes with an old saddle, often with merely a pad tied on behind the poles. In this way, whip in hand, she follows her owner. We met the tail end of the Black Feet nation on the prairie, travelling as above described, and a more degraded assemblage of humanity, especially the female portion, it would be difficult to imagine. These travelling bands are usually poor, and the women are generally clad in dirty old skins for petticoats, with a jacket of some old dirty cheap cotton or else of skin, their hair uncombed, their bodies unwashed, and poverty, ignorance and filth making them loathsome in the extreme. The Nez Percés and Piegans, who live in a more upland country, seldom use the *travois*. They pack what they have to carry in bags made of untanned skins (*parflesh*), and carry the papooses in panniers of the same. When we consider the hardships which all travellers on the prairies have to undergo, even with all the advantages of proper equipments, we can in a measure realize what those poor Indian women and children have to suffer on their long marches, from exposure, thirst, flies and want of food.

THEIR DRESS.

When Indians visit white settlements, they, as a rule, make a point of dressing in their best, particularly the young braves. They put on their leggings, moccasins, and blankets, paint their faces, and bespangle their hair with brass wire, adorn their ears with shell ear-rings, and not unfrequently ornament the head with feathers or furs. Often they will crowd a dozen brass rings on their hands and several of the same material on their wrists. The young squaws also try to improve their appearance by the use of vermilion on the forehead and parting of the hair, by fringed leggings, beaded moccasins and fancy coloured blankets. Many of them will dress up their children elaborately in beaded dresses. The old squaws and old men, however, are always clad in the most filthy old coverings of any kind, and with matted hair and dirty skins, many of them appear more like mummies come to life than living creatures of to-day. At some of the American agencies

many of both sexes are elaborately dressed in buffalo robes, ear-rings, large strings of beads of blue and white coloured glass round their necks. A few have strings of teeth of small game, and, on festive occasions, they don their tomahawks and rifles.

INDIAN ARMS.

The days of bows and arrows are past, yet the boys whether for amusement or to keep up the ancient custom, practice with them at marks and become adepts in their use. Nearly all are armed with the best Winchester repeating rifles, mostly of the newest improvements and, from their constant practice in their use, are expert marksmen. The supply of arms and ammunition brought into that country by traders is at present unlimited, and armed as the Indians are they would prove dangerous foes on their native plains. By whatever means it is to be accomplished, the government must at no distant date limit or altogether prevent the sale of rifles—which in the absence of buffalo are of little use to them—and replace them by the equally useful but less dangerous shot-gun. The rifle, cartridge-belt and large sheath knife, with a tomahawk, constitutes their hunting and war outfit. Several of the tribes, when on the warpath, still carry the coup stick, an egg-shaped stone, held in a loop of raw-hide on the end of a handle from three to four feet long, with a loop at the end by which it is slung to the wrist like our sword knot. This is their close-quarter weapon, with which they despatch the wounded previous to removing the scalp.

SCALPING.

This brutal practice is still carried on by nearly all the tribes, and a brave is estimated by the number of scalps he has taken and the number of horses he has stolen. A successful war-party, on their return march, usually carry the bloody trophies raised on poles and round these they dance and shout, discharging their rifles and making all the noise possible.

INDIAN HONESTY.

According to the white men's story, an Indian on the Missouri River is honest only when he has not a chance to steal. When they come to a white man's camp, they will make the greatest demonstration of friendship, eat his bread and share his shelter, and, when leaving, will steal whatever they can lay their hands on. And woe to the whites

whom they meet on the prairie if they are four or five to one. They are certain to steal their horses and they are fortunate if they escape with their lives. The universal remark of all these men who have lived among them in United States territories is: "The only good Indian I ever saw was a dead one." This reminds us of the yarn of an old Virginian, in which he says that "there is no bad whiskey, only some are better than others." The impression seems to be very general among those who know them best that "there are no good Indians, only some are worse than others." Fortunately the Canadian Indians are not so bad yet, nor were the American ones until the country became more densely settled by whites. In the early days they were glad to see the whites as on them they depended for trade and supplies of ammunition and arms, just as the Canadian Indians do now, but it will depend entirely on the way in which they are fed and managed whether or not they become as troublesome as their neighbors to the south.

THE INDIANS AS ARTISTS.

They do not excel either in art or mechanics. Their attempts at the former are such as we are accustomed to see by children at school and are but expressions of vanity on the part of the braves. We saw their rude tracings chiefly among the Black feet. The Sioux are also said to practice a rude historical art. It consists of tracings on their tepees or on selected buffalo robes, which are usually large, of good quality, and nicely tanned. Mr W. purchased a robe ornamented in this way at Fort Carroll, which was a curiosity, and highly valued on account of having a white border round its margin. These tracings generally represent incidents in the career of the artist or owner of the skin or tepee, recording the number and nature of the combats in which he has been engaged, the weapons used, rifle, bow and arrows, club or hatchet, the number of buffalos he has killed, horses he has stolen and other records of his personal bravery. The squaws display far more artistic taste than the braves, as seen in the ornamentation of mocassins, leggings, and other articles with fancy beadwork. The only fancy work which the men attempt is rude carving on their weapons, and the ornamenting of their gun stocks, tomahawk handles, cartridge and other belts with brass nails or brass wire. The latter, as previously remarked, is freely

used on their hair, while their hands, wrists, and ears are often covered with rings of the same substance.

METHODS OF TIME KEEPING.

Indian ingenuity, so far as I could discover, has not led to the invention of any other method of keeping time than the primitive one of judging by the sun on familiar points of the horizon. They count by suns instead of days, and they keep records by cutting notches on sticks. Yet it is remarkable how accurately they can count and keep an appointment for months or even years. When pay-day at the agencies comes round, the most distant bands will gather in with a punctuality which is surprising.

DOWN THE MISSOURI—BUFFALO HUNTING.

Having rested for two days, and suffering from the intense heat which we experienced at Fort Benton (100 deg. in the shade), we were nothing loth to embrace the first opportunity of descending the river. Mr. C. and Major W. concluded to await the arrival of the steamer Helena, expected to arrive in a few days at Coal-banks, thirty miles down the river, on which were fifty young imported bulls on their way to the rancho. Mr. W., Mr. G.—and the writer embarked on board the steamer Red Cloud. Being informed that thousands of buffalo were seen at Round Butte, about 400 miles down, and having got a supply of provisions and shooting material, we determined to have a few days hunting, of which hitherto on our trip we had very little. We left Fort Benton on Tuesday evening, and commenced the descent of the river. On tying up at the bank for the first night, we happened to run in opposite a beaver dam. One of the beavers was observed crawling along under the bank, and by aid of the reflection of the head-light, the writer was enabled to finish its course by a well-directed bullet from his Winchester. It proved to be a very large one, and was minus one of its fore limbs, evidently from having been caught in a trap at some past period of its existence. Beaver are plentiful along nearly the whole course of the river from Bismark to Benton, and it surprises one to see the very large trees which these industrious and intelligent creatures will cut down in the construction of their dams. They are capable of being tamed, and become much attached to those who pet them. We have now on board the steamer a pair of young ones, which are quite domesticated.

BUFFALO IN THE RIVER.

On the evening of the second day we began to see small herds of buffalo on the buttes and bottoms and, at mid-day of the third, we espied a herd of nine in full run across a point towards the river. On the steamer turning round the point they stood for a moment in hesitation and then the leader plunged in and started to swim for the opposite shore followed by all the others right in front of the boat. This being our first experience of buffalo, we soon commenced a fusillade and three large bulls terminated their career in the water. The others, with a stupidity which was provoking, landed on a sand bank and there they stood, evidently quite demoralized. The steamer having grounded, and having to back up stream and find another channel, they were left at our mercy and fortunately for them, mercy prevailed and we refrained from needless slaughter. We found, moreover, that the boat could not stop to let us get the trophies. During the further run of about sixty miles, we saw numerous large herds, some of which must have numbered several thousands. The steamer having landed her downward freight of wool and skins, and having loaded part of her up cargo, which, on her upward trip, she had to unload on account of the lowness of the water, we began the slow process of reascending the river. About five in the evening we saw a large herd making for the river right in front of us. There must have been over 300. In they plunged and commenced to cross right in front of the bow of the steamer. Having resolved not to kill any more in the water, we waited till some of them reached the shore, and then we each killed one. But, to our chagrin the captain refused to land for them as he wished to reach a certain wood-yard that night. Shortly after we called at the wood-yard where we engaged the services of a French-Canadian half-breed and four horses. These we embarked on the steamer and ascended about 25 miles to the ranch of one George Moga where we landed in the middle of the night. Here we met with a warm reception, and rough as these wood hawks are, wild as is the life which they lead and comfortless their home, we had no reason to complain of the treatment we received from them. They willingly shared the shelter of their log walls, and one of them did our cooking. Being now accustomed to camping and sleeping

anywhere, we got on very well. Here Mr G. and myself found the advantage of our camp beds. Mr W. not having one, had to select the safest part of the earthen floor, spread down his "slicker," put on his overcoat, pull down his hat and go to sleep. In this way we passed five nights, but what with fatigue, good humour and jollity, we enjoyed it immensely.

BUFFALO ON THE PRAIRIE.

On the morning after our arrival, we got up early, had breakfast, got our horses saddled and tying up our laryettes, slinging our rifles across the front of the saddle, we mount and follow our guide in single file. Through the sage bush we passed over the bottom. Then we commence an almost perpendicular ascent of a ridge on the "bad-lands." Down a similar path on the other side, across a cooley and through a narrow winding path, where none but sure-footed horses would be safe to ride, we followed our half-breed guide, till, at last we emerged from the upper end of a cooley and found ourselves on an upland prairie. Here we could distinctly hear the low hoarse bellowing of the bulls, indicating the presence of buffalo at no great distance. Untying our neck ropes and securing them to sage bushes in the cooley, we cautiously creep up the hill and can see a herd of about fifty on the opposite side, quietly grazing. At a signal from our guide, we quietly withdraw to consult as to our mode of attack. We first tried to circumvent them by getting behind the buttes, but found that we were observed by two old bulls acting as outposts. Returning to our original position, we commenced crawling till we were within range; when at a signal we opened fire and they started off in a headlong rush, circling for nearly half a circle, and when we ceased firing three bulls and a cow were in their mortal struggles. Having with a great deal of trouble, removed the heads and horns, and spreading them out to dry, we refresh the inner man, and resume the chase. We could see and hear another herd about four miles distant. Having cautiously threaded our way round hills up and down steep and dangerous paths, we are again requested to dismount and commenced a most fatiguing approach on foot, now struggling up a hillside with scarcely a foothold on the soft loose earth, now crawling for several hundred yards, until at last the wary game are in sight. It is determined now to open fire. This time, however,

they are fewer and further away and one large bull only falls to the rifle of Mr. G. This head secured, we commenced to retreat, not expecting to see any more that day. To our surprise, however, when we approached the first scene of our morning's operations, we suddenly came up to a herd of about twenty-five. We at once opened fire but not before they had started off in full flight. One bull received a bullet in his back, from which he staggered and fell, but at once got up in front. Though dragging his hind legs, he moved forward at an extraordinary speed for about two hundred yards. Then, seeing him rapidly recovering the use of his legs, Mr. W. and the writer endeavored to gallop up to him and secure him by another shot. But, having no spurs, and having our rifles in our hands, we were unable to flog our lazy good-for-nothing brutes of horses up to him and by the time the writer concluded to dismount and run up to him, we had the mortification of seeing him trotting off far out of range and gradually gaining strength. My horse at once stood still and commenced to graze. Mr W's did the same, and could not be persuaded to go a yard from the other horse. On returning to my usually good-natured companion, I found him liberal enough in the use of emphatic expressions, if not actually "cuss words," all of which, as well as the butt-end of his rifle, he freely applied to his horse, and it was not till we returned to our morning camp that his equanimity was restored. We returned to the ranch late in the evening, and, after the usual routine and the usual rehearsal of the day's proceedings, we lay down early and were soon oblivious of all around us. Getting up at four o'clock next morning, we were soon again ready for the chase. This time Mr. W. did not accompany us. Mr. G., myself, our half-breed and two white hunters who live by the chase, and who are killing buffalo merely for the skins (worth only two dollars each), started out on horseback. We went this time in an opposite direction, keeping along the bottom-land and under cover of a grove of cottonwood which here skirts the river. We had not gone over two miles when we descried in the distance, quietly grazing, a herd of about sixty. Dismounting and leaving our horses in the wood, we commenced to crawl in single file through

* It is to be hoped that the American Government will put a stop to such waste of food.

the sage brush for about a quarter of a mile, when suddenly, as if something had frightened them, from an opposite direction, they started on a full run right on the trail in which we were concealed. Were it not that we sprang up and opened fire, they, doubtless, would have run over us. To this fire four bulls fell, we having singled them out as least waste to kill. After going about half a mile, they slackened their speed and several stragglers fell out. One large three-year-old bull, seeming to have been slightly wounded lagged behind, and the writer mounted his horse and started in pursuit. Along the bottom, up a steep ascent, down a cooley, and again on the open, along the foot hills for several miles, I at last headed him out on the open and towards the cotton wood. Galloping up to within a hundred yards, I succeeded in placing a bullet behind the shoulder, when he rolled over and soon breathed his last. Again securing our heads, our men packed them on the horses and we returned to camp before ten o'clock a. m., quite satisfied with buffalo hunting and determined, on no account, to destroy wantonly more of these valuable animals which are destined before many years to be exterminated, unless some measures are adopted to prevent it.

SLAUGHTER OF BUFFALOES.

The enormous slaughter of buffaloes may be imagined from the fact that in the Yellowstone country alone it is estimated that last year over 150,000 were killed for their hides only. Our next three days were not so pleasant, being spent in drying our buffalo heads, by dressing, salting and exposing to the sun. As we were not provided with the proper chemicals, and owing to the great heat and prevalence of flies, we had a busy time keeping up smudges, turning the skins, watching for the boat, sleeping by turns, smoking and joking. But it was all to no purpose, for despite our unremitting attention, they went wrong, one after another, and the only trophies which we were able to save were the head of the bull killed by the writer, and the horns of the others. The steamer Helena at last arrived, having Mr. C. as a passenger, and, nothing left to bid adieu to our woodyard friends, we hurried on board and were soon carried by current and steam down the muddy Missouri. In three days and a half we reached Fort Buford, when, to our disappointment, we found that the steamer had been ordered to ascend the Yellowstone river to Glendive, to engage in carry-

ing freight between that point and Miles City. Here we enjoyed the novel sight of seeing

INDIANS UNLOADING A STEAMER.

In consequence of the steamer have to go up the Yellowstone, the deck crew, "roosters" as they are called, went on a strike for higher wages. They demanded seventy-five dollars per month, which being refused, they left the boat in a body. There being in the neighborhood a number of Indians (Gros Ventres), it was proposed to endeavor to get them to work in unloading the freight. The chief, "The Crow that Flies High," after a smoke and consultation for nearly an hour, agreed to get the squaws to work for twenty-five cents an hour. One condition was that they should first have their dinner. This being agreed to, there was a general rush on board of bucks who had their squaws conveniently at hand, and, squatting round on the deck, they were served by a liberal allowance of beef, bread, potatoes and corn. The old chief who expected the distinction of a separate table, informed the captain that he could not eat with squaws. He was emphatically told that he might do so or not as he pleased, but he would have no other opportunity of eating there, nor did he infringe on this strict rule of Indian etiquette.

Dinner over, the work began. A few of the men gave a little assistance in loading the backs of the squaws, who, with a willingness and an aptitude for work which was astonishing, very soon made it evident that they could, in case of need, replace the refractory roosters in loading and unloading. But to our senses the sight was most repulsive of the lazy, good-for-nothing Indians leaving the females to carry such loads as few men could lift, and urging them on while they assumed attitudes of the most lofty supremacy.

THE ROOSTER'S RETURN.

Fort Buford being a military reservation the strikers were given the option of returning to work at the price offered (\$60 a month) or else of leaving the reservation under a guard. They elected the latter, and with satchels, bags and bundles, fifteen sorrowful-looking men could have been seen starting under the escort of half a dozen armed soldiers to tramp fifteen miles to the limits, with five miles more to go to the nearest ranche. They had not gone far, however, when thirteen "wilted," as the Lieutenant in command expressed it, and

slowly marched back to the boat. With not a little shamefacedness (if these men are capable of such a sentiment) they resumed work and the Indians and squaws were paid off. The money they received was at once spent at the trader's stall on the boat in fancy coloured calico and brass ornaments.

UNCERTAINTIES OF STEAMBOATING ON THE MISSOURI.

Knowing that at least two steamers were nearly due, going down the river, we concluded to remain at Bufort till one arrived. Here we found fair accommodation at what is called "a restaurant," remaining from Sunday till Thursday. We passed our time in waiting and watching for the tardy steamboat. While here we visited the camp of the Gros Ventres Indians at old Fort Union. These Indians have taken possession of the old log buildings formerly occupied by the military, as well as a number of Tepees. There are about 300 of them in all. They are correctly named, as both sexes, especially the women, are large and stout, having the appearance of being better fed than any other tribe we had interviewed. A few of them can speak a little English, and their morality is not improved by their proximity to the military camp and trading post. Nor can it be said that their habits are any more cleanly than their less favored fellow redskins elsewhere.

FORT BUFORT.

Fort Bufort is a military post about five hundred miles west of Bismarck. It is a nicely situated place, and consists of a number of store-houses, men's quarters and officers houses, all of which, especially the latter, are well built wooden houses, with all the appearances of suburban villas. There is also a trader's store here, with a large and well assorted stock of such goods as are in demand at such posts.

SURRENDER OF SITTING BULL.

As was indicated before, as within early probabilities, the mission of Col. Irvine to Sitting Bull proved successful, and, about ten days before our arrival here, old Bull, escorted by a half-breed and accompanied by his son, a boy of about eight years of age, and a few of his followers, arrived at this post and surrendered to Major Brotherton. The following account of the surrender is taken from a Western paper, and corresponds with what I gathered at Fort Bufort:—"Sitting Bull formally surrendered to Major

Brotherton at Fort. Bufort on the 20th July. He entered the council-room, seated himself at the left hand of Major Brotherton, placed his rifle, which he had not yet been required to give up, between his feet, and with a sullen, bull-dog expression upon his countenance, relapsed into perfect silence. His dress consisted of a cheap calico shirt, considerably worn in appearance from dirt and long use, a pair of black leggings and a blanket, dirty and worn. A calico handkerchief tied, turban-like, covered his head, so as to partly conceal his eyes, which were quite sore, from the view of the spectators. Major Brotherton, in a few words, informed Sitting Bull that he was to be treated the same as those of their people who had surrendered during the winter, so long as they behaved properly. Sitting Bull remained silent for about four minutes, and then turned to his little son, eight years old, and directed him to take up his rifle and present it to Major Brotherton. This, being done the chief said:—"I surrender this rifle to you through my young son, whom I now desire to teach in this manner that he has become a friend of the Americans. I wish him to learn the habits of the whites and to be educated as their sons are educated. I wish it to be remembered that I was the last man of my tribe to surrender my rifle. This boy has given it to you and he now wants to know how he is going to make a living. Whatever you have to give or whatever you have to say, I want to hear now, for I don't want to be kept in darkness longer. I have sent several messengers on here from time to time but none of them have returned with news. The other chiefs, Crow King and Gall, have not wanted me to come and I have never received good news from here. I now wish to be allowed to live on this side of the line or the other as I see fit. I wish to continue my old life of hunting, but would like to be allowed to trade on both sides of the line. This is my country and I don't wish to be compelled to give it up. My heart is very sad at having to leave the great Mother's country. She has been a friend to me, but I want my children to grow up in our native country, and I also wish to feel that I can visit two of my friends on the other side of the line, viz: Major Walsh and Captain McDonald, whenever I wish. I would also like to trade with Louis Legare, as he has always been a friend to me. I wish to have all my people here together upon one reservation of our own on the Little Missouri. I left several families

at Wood Mountain and between that and Qu'Appelle. I have many people among the Yanktonians at Poplar Creek, and I wish them all, and those who have gone to Standing Rock to be collected together upon one reservation. My people have, many of them, been bad. All are good now that their arms and ponies have been taken from them." Addressing Major Brotherton, he continued:—"You own this ground with me, and we must try and help each other. I do not seek to leave here until I get all the people I left behind, and the Uncapapas, now at Poplar Creek. I would like to have my daughter, now at Fort Yates, sent up here to visit me, and eight men now there (whom he named), and I would like to know that Louis Legare is to be rewarded for his services in bringing me and my people in here."

Notwithstanding Bull's expressed wishes as to his disposition, he was forced to join his followers at Standing Rock Agency, where he is now doubtless reconciled to Minnie Steemah, his truant daughter and her lover, who with Crow King, Gall, Rain-on-the-face, Low Dog and others of his chiefs, are with him there as prisoners of war, and there they will most probably end their days in enforced peace.

FORT BUFORT TO BISMARCK.

After a delay of four days, on the morning of the fifth, we were pleased to see the steamer "Dakota" come in sight on her downward passage. We immediately embarked, and found a number of agreeable passengers, among them being the Katy Putman Theatrical troupe, whose rehearsals and voluntary performances afforded a pleasant pastime in the evenings. Among our distinguished fellow passengers, who, fortunately, did not occupy the saloon, were "The Crow that Flies High" chief of the *gros ventres* and two of his lesser chiefs, with his two squaws on their way to pay a visit to the portion of his nation at Wolfe Point.

We reached Bismarck at last, nothing loth to be done with the Missouri River, with all its mud, quick sands, rapid currents, delays and inconveniences, and firmly resolved that in future whenever business should call us West to try some other and faster route.

Taking the Northern Pacific Railway Mr G. and the writer stopped off for a night and a day and visited the great wheat farms of Dalrymple, and Mr John Dunlop at Cassel-

ton, Dakota, and found ourselves in the midst of an ocean of wheat as far as the eye could reach, of which so much has been written and said. Resuming our journey, we overtook Mr C. at Toronto, and together reached home after an absence of eleven weeks.

TABLE OF DISTANCES.

The following is the table of distances used by the steamers on the river, which gives the distance from Bismarck to Fort Benton as 1049 miles. The actual distance as determined by the astronomically-checked boat-survey made by Lieutenant Green, U. S. A., in his report on the Boundary Commission is 805 miles. And this is the distance for which the Government pays on carriage of freight:—

DISTANCES ON MISSOURI RIVER.

From St. Louis To	Miles between stations.	Miles
Bismarck.....		1614
Mandan.....	3	1617
Fort Stevenson.....	117	1824
Fort Berthold.....	25	1749
White Earth River.....	120	1869
Fort Buford.....	125	1994
Mouth Yellowstone.....	2	1996
Mouth Little Muddy.....	20	2016
Mouth Big Muddy.....	30	2046
Mouth Poplar Creek.....	50	2096
Spread Eagle.....	5	2121
Wolf Creek Agency.....	26	2147
Porcupine Creek.....	30	2177
Milk River.....	25	2202
Fort Copelin.....	10	2212
Port Peck.....	15	2227
Bouche's Grave.....	40	2267
Round Butte.....	37	2304
Trover Point.....	40	2344
Muscleshell River.....	43	2387
Fort Hawley.....	37	2424
Carroll.....	22	2446
Little Rocky.....	15	2461
Harriett's Island.....	12	2473
Two Calf Island.....	15	2488
Cow Island.....	20	2508
Bud's Rapids.....	15	2523
Dauphin's Rapids.....	15	2538
Fort Claggett.....	23	2561
Drowned Man's Rapids.....	2	2563
Arrow River.....	14	2577
Steamboat Rock.....	4	2581
Hole in the Wall.....	6	2587
Citadel Rock.....	3	2590
Eagle Creek.....	8	2598
Coal Banks.....	15	2613
Fort Assinaboyne Lodge.....	24	2637
Mouth of Marias River.....	24	2637
Fort Benton.....	26	2663